

HERFORD

HERFORD

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Presenting The Living Light philosophy and
features of interest to spiritually-minded people.

 **Serenity**

 **Sentinel**

VOLUME VII, No. 2

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The Source

by Richard P. Goodwin

This topic, *The Source*, is something that we consider in all of our thoughts and activities for our mind is ever questioning, "what is the cause of this" and "what is the cause of that?" And so it is with all of our experiences, each and every moment, we are seeking to find the source or the cause of these experiences.

The other day one of the ladies of this Association had what is commonly referred to as an "accident." An accident implies something that just happens without known cause or responsibility. This philosophy teaches and demonstrates that there are no accidents in the universe. There are experi-

ences. We don't have car accidents or any other types of accidents. We have, if we would choose to say, "car experiences."

For if we will take the time and make the effort, we can, in a moment of pause of our thought, awaken within ourself the soul faculty of reason. And reason will cast light upon the shadows of the mind and it will reveal that we in truth set ourselves up for all of our experiences. Everything that we encounter in life, every experience, is in truth premeditated. Because we are not fully aware of the levels of our own consciousness, we immediately deny that simple truth. But we meet the people

THE SOURCE

that we establish laws in consciousness that we should meet in order to fulfill the very things in life that we truly want.

You see the truth is, my good friends, we always get what we really want, whether we call that an accident or we call it having a new car or home. It doesn't matter what we call it. Life is the mirror of reflection. The experiences of life are the illusion of the karmic wheel of repetition. Now many of you I know have studied the varying philosophies offered in this world, and you are well aware of this so-called karmic wheel. That that turns repeats itself ever in keeping with the cycle for which it has been designed. And so it is that man experiences in keeping with the cycle that he in his own evolution has established.

So, how do we find the true, simple source of life? We find it when we pause to think. We find it in our pausing in the moment that we accept, when we accept that we are vehicles through which intelligent energy is expressing itself. This intelligent energy, called by most people God—its very nature is to express itself—and anything that stands in the way of the full and free expression of this intelligent

energy, anything that stands in the way, known as an obstruction, is going to be refined.

Now that that is refined is changed. Our struggles in life

*... there are no accidents
in the universe. There
are experiences.*

are nothing more and nothing less than our unwillingness to accept change. And yet change is inevitable. We look all around at life and we see everything in a process of change. But when it comes for us to change, we are only willing to make the changes that we have already dictated, decided, and judged is in our best interests, we are not only unwilling to change them, but we are fierce in our tenacity that we shall not. That's known as "standing in one's own light."

My good students, after 37 years of this work, I can assure you, whatever in life you judge you shall not do, you establish the very laws

*... we in truth set ourselves
up for all of our experiences.*

necessary in consciousness that you shall have to do. You see, it is our denials that are our destinies. Look at your lives already and I'm sure you

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A Grand Inquisitor is encaged in ice by his own thoughts and deeds.

A WANDERER *in the* SPIRIT LANDS

by Franchezzo

THE FROZEN LAND—THE CAVERNS OF SLUMBER

CHAPTER IX.

Continued from last issue—

Other spirits I saw haunting this man, and taunting him with his own helplessness and their past sufferings, but these were very different looking; they were more solid in appearance and possessed a power and strength and intelligence wanting in those other misty-looking shades. These were spirits whose astral forms still held the immortal souls imprisoned in them, though they had been so crushed and tortured that only the fierce desire of revenge remained. These spirits were incessant in their endeavor to get at their former oppressor and tear him to pieces, and the icy cage seemed to be regarded by him as being as much a protection from them

as a prison for himself. One more clever than the rest had constructed a long, sharp-pointed pole which he thrust through the bars to prod at the man within, and wonderful was the activity he displayed in trying to avoid its sharp point. Others had sharp short javelins which they hurled through the bars at him. Others again squirted foul, slimy water, and at times the whole crowd would combine in trying to hurl themselves en masse upon the sheltering bars to break through, but in vain. The wretched man within, whom long experience had taught the impregnability of his cage, would taunt them in return with a cold crafty enjoyment of their fruitless efforts.

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will agree, of the many things that you judged you should never do, and look at you today, many of them you are already doing. For that's the way evolution is. You cannot stop it. And when you face something that your authority, and your mind, and your ego cannot stop, then common sense and reason speak softly and say move aside otherwise you'll be moved right over. So that is the way it is with our

*Our struggles in life are
nothing more and nothing
less than our unwillingness
to accept change.*

thoughts. Don't hold to them so tenaciously they build walls and obstructions between you and the goodness and supply of life. For each dictate that the mind makes, for each judgment, shall fall. For the Divine Intelligent Energy sustains all thoughts, all life, all forms. And when you, in mental worlds of consciousness, judge what is right and judge what is wrong, you live to see the day there is a neutral path of peace and harmony that grants and accepts the right of all expression. And without that simple, neutral path man continues to build and man continues to destroy. And surely it is fool-

hearty to build something and then destroy it, only to build it again and to destroy it again.

*... whatever in life you judge
you shall not do, you establish
the very laws necessary in
consciousness that you shall
have to do ... it is our
denials that are our destinies.*

Those lessons we are here on earth this time to learn. Let us learn those simple lessons that we may not have to continue century, after century, after century to repeat them. And if we do learn them now, if we make that effort this moment in each day, then we will rise from the levels of consciousness called duality. We will no longer be controlled by the karmic wheel of illusion.

*... with our thoughts. Don't
hold to them so tenaciously
they build walls and
obstructions between you
and the goodness and
supply of life.*

We will view experience as a captain takes control of his ship. We will take control of our destiny for we will awaken within ourselves that faculty of reason. We shall grant the right of expression and in so doing we shall become aware of the source of all of life.

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Visitors' Views

"My visit to Serenity was one of the most wonderful, meaningful, and enjoyable times of my life. Thank you " S.L.

* * * * *

"I found this experience very moving and much more God orientated than I expected. I thank you for this opportunity and hope to get others to come, especially my mother. Thank you." D.R.

* * * * *

"I really enjoyed the service and felt very enthusiastic about what you are doing here. Thank you."

* * * * *

During the spiritual healing I felt a sense of peace that I have not often felt and I am very grateful. The reading for me was a great blessing and uplifted my spirits wonderfully. Thank you." L. B.

"My reason leads me to doubt and find a way to discount what I am witnessed, yet the child that trusts and believes, within me, accepts without questioning. I am struck with wonder!" A.J.

* * * * *

"Yes I am searching like everyone else. I was impressed by the service. I do believe everything is directed by God. I would like my spiritual awareness expanded, and feel it will by attending more services, this was my first. Thank you." S.S.

* * * * *

"I totally support the encouragement people receive here." A.

* * * * *

"Very incredible. I appreciate very much a chance to feel and experience the angel world. It is very valuable for all beings, God bless your church and work." G.L.

THE SOURCE

continued from page 5

*... when you . . . judge
what is right and judge
what is wrong, you live
to see the day there is a
neutral path of peace and
harmony that grants and*

*accepts the right of all
expression.*

And in that awareness, apply the laws that demonstrate the abundant good and divine right of all.



THE BLUE ISLAND

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I saw my father's face, and heard his voice just as distinctly as I heard it when he bade me good-bye before embarking on the *Titanic*. This was at a sitting with Mrs. Etta Wriedt, the well-known direct voice medium. At this sitting I talked with my father for over twenty minutes. This may seem an amazing assertion to many, but it is a fact vouched for by all those who were present at the sitting. I put it on record at the time in an article published in *Nash's Magazine*, which included the signed testimonies of all those present.

From that day to this I have been in constant touch with my father. I have had many talks with him and communications from him containing very definite proofs of his continued presence amongst us. I can truly say that the

link between us is even stronger today than in 1912, when he threw off his physical body and passed on to the spirit world. There has never been a feeling of parting, although at first the absence of his physical presence was naturally a source of very great sadness.

In 1917, Mr. Woodman was invalided out of the army and came to stay with us at our country cottage at Cobham. Whilst with us, the news came to him that his great friend had been killed at the Front, and his interest in the possibility of communication with the next world, which had been indifferent till then, became intense, and he set out to find out for himself. It is ever the passing on of a loved one that gives the necessary stimulus for eager enquiry.

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Davis likens the movements of man's body to planetary motion.

Views of Our Heavenly Home

by Andrew Jackson Davis

CONCERNING THE SOLAR AND ASTRAL CENTRES

Continued from last issue—

The constellation supposed (erroneously) to be nearest the earth, the *Canis Major* or "Great Dog," contains that star (the erroneously supposed cause of pestilence, in ancient times), *Sirius*, whose pure light consumes many years in its flight to the human eye! Hershel supposed that solar light would require millions of ages in travelling from some of the most remote stars to the earth; and this supposition, too, is not unmindful that that form and degree of motion called "light" moves with the inconceivable celerity of one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles every second! Some astronomers have estimated the flight of light per second to be about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles. Such magnificent

stretches through immensity, implying such remote sun-centres of stupendous magnitudes, and so many millions of millions of ages, as we measure "time," well nigh overwhelm and vanquish the most expanded imagination. The healthiest human mind, unless its possessor occasionally gives it vigorous exercise upon these sublime themes, is simply appalled and stunned. And yet such contemplations are wholesome—invigorating, ennobling, exalting; and you are therefore urged, because you are a spirit, and because you are destined to live an eternal life, to think upon and familiarize your reason with questions of eternity.

By impressions imparted, as I have before explained, from the sun-fountain of intelligence in the Second Sphere,
(continued page 26)

THE BLUE ISLAND

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It was not long before his friend was able to give him definite proofs of his continued existence and of his ability to communicate. His first proofs were given through Mr. Vout Peters, and were followed by others through Mrs. Leonard's mediumship and through the mediumship of friends gifted with psychic powers. I was present at that first sitting with Mr. Peters, father was there also, and his friend said it was due to my father's presence and help that he was able to succeed so well in these first attempts at communication.

Shortly after this Mr. Woodman found that he himself had the power of automatic writing, and father and others were soon able to write through him. Father always prefers me to be present, as if I am not he seems to have more difficulty, and very rarely will attempt writing. He explains the necessity of my presence in this way: he and I are so much *en rapport*, and so closely in touch with each other, that he is able to draw much power from me; I act as the connecting link and form a sort of battery between him and Mr. Woodman. I merely sit passively by whilst Mr. Woodman writes. Generally I

see a light around us, and a strong ray of light concentrating on Mr. Woodman's arm. Sometimes I am able to see father himself and always, when he is writing, I feel his presence very distinctly.

We have received many messages in this way. For a while in 1918 we sat regularly every week, and were kept in touch with much that was going on at the Front and of what was about to happen, and were advised of occurrences, often days before the news came through in the ordinary way. In one case father gave us the actual headlines which would (and did) appear in the papers the following week.

It is interesting and also of importance to note that Mr. Woodman and my father met only once before the passing of the latter. I introduced Mr. Woodman to him not long before he left England in the *Titanic*, and they only exchanged two or three words. Therefore Mr. Woodman never knew my father personally nor has he come into touch with his writings or with his work in any way, and yet the wording and the phrasing of the messages are my father's, and even the manner of writing is typical of him.

Mr. Woodman always
(continued page 36)

nvocation

*O God, may we accept thy
Divine Will, thy power of
peace. May we accept our-
selves as we truly are and take
responsibility for becoming*

*what we are meant to be. And
may we accept as our divine
birthright, the right to all of
the goodness of life.*

eading

*Our experiences in life are
like diamonds. They are the
most valuable things we have
to teach us the lessons we
need to learn in order to grow
and to change. An experience
can be viewed as one views the
many facets of a diamond. By
turning a diamond ever so
slightly we get a different per-
spective of it and view the
beauty of its various colors
and depths. So it is with an ex-
perience—by changing our
levels of consciousness we will
see different facets of the ex-
perience—the cause, the
trauma, the joy, and the lesson.
If we are viewing an experience*

*from a level of anger, then
what we see is entirely dif-
ferent than what we would see
if we were at a different level,
say the level of understanding.
It is not the experience that
changes, just as it is not the
diamond that changes. It is
our level of consciousness that
changes.*

*Looking at an experience
from a level of acceptance that
God, or good, is in each and
every experience guarantees
that we will view the beauty
and meaning of the experience
to our life. And then, just like
a diamond, each experience
will sparkle.*

enediction

*May God be in your
Thoughts, acts and deeds
May God fill
All of your needs
And bring you peace.*

*May God's divine energy flow
unobstructed
Through our mind and body
And bring us abundant
Health, wealth and happiness.*

Today's View of Past Frontiers

PIONEERS I HAVE WORKED WITH

Article taken from CENTENNIAL BOOK OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA

by Hugh Gordon Burroughs

Among the pioneers I have known the first one I recall is J. Clegg Wright who delivered a lecture in my home town of Bluffton, Indiana, when I was but twelve years of age. Just a little later it was my pleasure to meet and be associated with, for a very short time, that strange and bewildering character, Will J. Colville. Still later, I witnessed the work of Inez Wagner and Etta Scott Bledsoe, who was then Etta Scott. They were working together in a little church in Topeka, Kansas.

A pioneer worker somewhat neglected and rarely mentioned was Mrs. Virginia Bryan of Payne, Ohio. It was my privilege while still a young boy to be associated with her and it was while with her that I gave my first messages in a public meeting. Later, through her, I met and worked with Maggie Vestal, the first daylight trumpet medium recognized in this country. Traveling with these

ladies through the states of Oklahoma and Kansas a very strange incident occurred on the train while en route between Wichita and Hutchinson, Kansas. While seated with Mrs. Vestal in the day coach, spirit voices became audible and in a very few minutes the occupants of the car crowded around to see and hear the strange phenomenon that was taking place. The famous Texas Steere Music Company's car was on the rear of our train and soon that entire musical company was in our car listening to what came through her marvelous mediumship. The train arrived in Hutchinson forty-five minutes late.

Mrs. Bryan, moving to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and taking me with her, made it possible for me to meet some of the old workers in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Among these were Moses and Mattie Hull. Well I remember Moses Hull for it was follow-

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NEWS and VIEWS

by Beverly Houser*

A courageous medical doctor, Raymond A. Moody, Jr., M. D., has written a book entitled, *Life After Life*, in which he has recorded the "experience of dying" as related to him by hundreds of terminally ill patients who were pronounced dead by a doctor and then made a comeback. His research found "a striking similarity among the accounts" of these patients.

The similarities included loud ringings and feelings of rapid movement through a dark tunnel, finding themselves outside of their physical body and viewing their body from a distance. The patients experienced an awareness of "a body" but one different from their physical body. Spirits of relatives and friends who had already died were there. A "loving warm spirit," a "being of light," appeared before them for which they sensed an "irresistible magnetic attraction." The "being of light" nonverbally communicated with them, and many patients experienced an evaluation of their lives. They also

experienced a barrier between the earth life and the next life, and it was at this point that despite being "overwhelmed by intense feelings of joy, love and peace" they somehow became reunited with their physical bodies and lived. After "coming back" these patients have experienced profound changes in their attitudes regarding life as well as death.

Another medical doctor, Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, M.D., doing research with terminally ill patients, confirms Dr. Moody's research with her own findings that "the dying patient continues to have a conscious awareness of his environment after being pronounced clinically dead." She also states, "I think we have reached an era of transition in our society. We have to have the courage to open new doors and admit that our present-day scientific tools are inadequate for many of these new investigations."

For people with open minds, this book and the unusual research it represents will open doors to a greater understanding of life, and to confirmation of what is taught by *The Living Light* philosophy—that there is life after death, and that we truly are "formless and free."

POET'S PEN

Forgive me God
For judging another human soul
Forgive me God
For trying to take control
And for not accepting
Another's right to express
In the way they think is best.

Forgive me God
For playing judge
And the jury too
When all I really
Have to do
Is just stand back
And view.

—*Beverly Houser*

* * * * *

Man said to God
“Oh God above
Please send us down some rain
Our reservoirs are going down
Our lawns are turning brown.”

God said to man
“Oh man why can't you see
It isn't me, but thee
That holds the rain in the sky
With thoughts of wanting to be dry.”

—*Beverly Houser*

Ahrinziman describes his first meeting in the home of the sorcerer.

The Strange Story of

by Anita Silvani

AHRINZIMAN

Continued from last issue—

Having finished this repast Jelal-ud-din arose, and taking the lamp he searched carefully the outer room, and fastened the door, doing the same with the one in the inner chamber where we sat. He then placed the lamp behind a screen where its light was scarcely visible, and returned to me, carrying in his hand a small round disc of polished black marble, whose surface reflected like a mirror. Across this he passed his hands several times, and placing it within a curiously wrought frame of gold, whereon were engraved numerous cabalistic signs, he gave it into my hands, saying: "Look now into this mirror, and say whether Jelal-ud-din hath restored thy powers of vision unto thee."

I took the black disc and held it between my hands, fixing my eyes upon it as I had been wont to do in the Temple with the crystals given me by the Priests, and as I did so a grey mist, like smoke,

passed over the dark polished surface; a violent trembling seized my limbs, and a wind as of ice blew over me and seemed to freeze my blood, and stop for a moment the beating of my heart.

As these feelings passed the face of the black mirror became clear, and I beheld a face—a man's face. Oh! Powers of evil! can any mere words describe that face, or paint at once its majestic beauty and its awful fiendlike expression? The eyes were fixed upon mine own, and as I gazed steadily upon them they looked back an answer to my questioning thoughts. The face varied in its expression, and the lips moved, though no sound came from them, and I seemed to sense, rather than hear, each word as it was spoken. It appeared to say:

"You ask who am I? Behold! I am the Angel of Darkness whom thou didst see upon the desert plain. No veil hides now my face, and since thou canst thus steadily return

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

my gaze I know that thou hast courage to behold the wonders of my sphere: wonders which my servant Jelal-ud-din shall reveal unto thee."

The lips ceased to move, the eyes closed, the dark filmy veil covered again the face which faded slowly away, leaving the black surface of the mirror clear again.

I could not move a limb. I could make no motion even with my eyes, which were fixed in a stony stare upon the mirror, even as I myself was fixed like a rigid statue to the spot whereon I stood.

Again the mist passed over the dark mirror, and this time it showed to me a woman's face, beautiful as the dawn! lovely as some fallen Peri of Paradise! I say 'as of some fallen Peri,' for she bore upon her brow that Blood Red Star which is the symbol of the fallen Angels, and amidst her dark hair the Star of Darkness gleamed as a jewel in a diadem. Her glorious eyes were veiled by long dark lashes, yet their gleam of passionate love transfixed my own as the magnetic glance of a snake doth fascinate a bird. Her coral lips were wreathed in smiles, yet were they as the smiles of one who can entrance but never charm, and her expression was that of a refined and subtle sensuality,

as evil as ever marked the looks of the most ensnaring syren of the lowest Hell. Her features were perfect in all their proportions, delicately chiselled as a statue of purest alabaster, and lovely as the spirit of a dream. But over all there hung the same stamp of subtly suggested evil, lurking one knew not where, yet marring to the eyes of the Spirit the beauty which charmed the senses.

As I continued to gaze her face seemed to cease to smile; it leered at me, and her fairness was like a mask that hid the treacherous nature of the Soul. But in spite of this my heart was stirred with the most violent passion, the most intense desire to possess her, which was as far as the wide poles are asunder from that pure and beautiful ideal of love which I had hitherto cherished and which Dilferib had so utterly failed to satisfy. And while I looked upon this woman I knew that she was no mere vision, nor even a disembodied spirit that I beheld, but a living, breathing inhabitant of Earth, whose life would yet be linked unto my own, for that in the Book of our Destinies so it was even written.

My intense desire to touch this woman caused me to lift my hand, when lo! the spell

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Dictionary of The Living Light Philosophy



*A*pplication is the law through which the light shines, and without application it does not shine. The energy cannot express itself until it is applied.

*D*ivine Will is the highest state of consciousness possible within ourselves where Divine Will manifests itself and knows beyond the shadow of any doubt what is best for our own soul.

*F*aith is an absolute knowing of things that cannot yet be believed. It is greater than belief. Faith is spiritual and belief is mental.

*K*nowledge is a total awareness on a mental level.

*L*aw of Brotherhood is the Law of Personal Responsibility or the acceptance of the demonstrable truth that we alone are the cause and cure of all of our experiences in life.

*L*aw of Disassociation is to disassociate one's inner being, one's spirit, one's soul from the personality or form of the individual by thinking and doing anything that will take one outside of oneself. By being of service for the greater good, one immediately becomes disassociated from one's personal acts and activities.

*P*resumption is the lazy man's level of acceptance, lazy because no effort is made to become aware of what level of acceptance that we are expressing.

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

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which held me was broken and all vanished from my sight.

The low mocking laugh of Jelal-ud-din broke upon my ear and as I turned almost fiercely upon him in my disappointment, he said in a tone of great bitterness, and with the slow measured speech as of one in a dream:

“Yea, even so it is with thee. The charm of love is still the potent spell; thou hast not tasted yet of its hollowness. Thou hast not learned how the fires of passion can sear and wither up the heart, till naught but its empty shell is left. Take up the mirror once again, and I will show thee other things more worthy man’s ambition.”

Mechanically I turned to look at the black disc again, and once more the smoke-like mist passed across its surface and the cold breeze chilled my blood and stopped the beating of my heart. But the feelings were fainter, and the pictures more dim and indistinct, not clear as before, for I had broken the threads of communication between myself and the Other World, and the visions were marred by the hasty joining of the links.

As pictures traced in smoke I first saw a man seated upon a winged horse, with a

winged helmet upon his head and a spear held out before him, as though he charged upon a foe. I saw him fall from his horse and lie trampled in the dust, while a whole legion of warriors appeared to ride over his prostrate body. Then I saw the man and horse arise and spread their wings, and soar away beyond the power of my sight to follow.

I saw a woman draped all in sombre black lie writhing upon the ground in mortal agony, yet not able to die. I saw her drag herself along the ground of what seemed a narrow passage like a tomb, and tear with her finger nails at the hard walls, and dig like a wild beast at the hard ground, in frantic efforts to get out, till I could bear the sight no longer; and then she vanished.

I saw a man lie dying on a bed, surrounded by many courtiers, and many slaves, yet calling always for some one who came not unto him.

I saw this picture give place unto another, wherein there was a throne, and three figures contended for it. First one sat thereon then seemed to fall from it and lie writhing on the ground in the fearful agony of violent death. Then the second figure ascended the

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All true religion is innate — not educational!

THE P E N E T R A L I A

BEING HARMONIAL ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

Continued from last issue—

by Andrew Jackson Davis

QUESTIONS ON THE DESPOTISM OF OPINION

How can philosophy help the world?

The Harmonial Philosophy will do this world a monumental service by explaining the nature and demonstrating the cure of evil—a work which theology cannot do. Why not? Because theology is *an opinion*—based, as already seen, upon inferences, inductions, presumptions, etc., and not upon *knowledge*, which has no fellowship with opinion or despotic fanaticisms.

What other causes are there for believing theology?

Theology is believed by persons who, being victimized from childhood, now do homage at the shrine of popular and educational religion; which they would not continue, to do, if they could see that *all true religion is innate*; not educational—that all true life is from within, inbred and divine;

not absorbed, as a sponge drinks water.

Who profess to believe theology?

Theology is professedly believed by persons who worship at the shrine of policies, expedencies, compromise measures, shirks, etc.; by persons who believe Principle to be very good in poetry and metaphysics—congenial to fanatical reformers and revolutionists—as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Would popular theology depart with the advent of correct knowledge?

Yes; it is impossible for an intelligent person to believe the myths of ancient Egypt.

What has been the experience of those who have sought for knowledge in the empire of Nature?

This question would require a careful compilation of
(continued page 40)

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

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steps of the throne, but ere he could seat himself I saw him stagger and cast his arms up as though fighting many foes, ere he fell dead beside the throne. Then I saw the third man cast himself in the Royal Chair, and a curtain fell between him and myself.

Next I saw a procession of veiled figures pass me, all turning away their heads as they drew near, till one woman came, and raised her veil, and I beheld the face of a woman of exceeding beauty; the beauty of the late summer of life, the mature charms of one past youth yet handsome still. But the face, though handsome was cruel, and her glance seemed to wither my heart and turn my blood to ice. She gave me a mocking triumphant smile of vindictive hate ere she let her veil and passed on.

And last of all I saw a black figure crawl like a snake along the ground toward me,

and as I gazed it seemed to spit out its venom at me, and show me the face of a black slave, quite unknown to me, as were all the figures in my visions.

This last picture vanished. I raised my eyes from the mirror, and Behold! the room was full of misty forms, human and yet inhuman in their shapes; dim as smoke wreaths, yet none the less distinct and palpable to my sight. They floated round Jelal-ud-din and myself, yet they touched us not, nor came within the circle around us. In Jelal-ud-din's hand he held the mystic wand, tipped with the triangle and the crescent, which he extended at arm's length to keep them back, uttering some words in a tone of command in a strange unknown tongue. And as he waved them away they receded from us, and vanished like a cloud of dark mist, till Jelal-ud-din and I stood there alone.

CHAPTER IX

MY EVIL GENIUS

The day was breaking as I left the house of Jelal-ud-din and the contrast between the clear light shed around by the

rapidly rising sun, and the dark mysterious room which I had left, was like that between Good and Evil. Yet even as I

(continued page 21)

Mediums must show self-respect to win respect of intelligent people.

A Guide to Mediumship

and psychical unfoldment

E. W. & M. H. Wallis

CHAPTER III.

HOW 'CONDITIONS' AFFECT RESULTS.

Continued from last issue—

The Holy of Holies of Spiritualism.— Around the family table, where those who are united in affection meet to hold joyous communion with their spirit friends, where the blended desire ascends to the spiritual plane and becomes the potent magnetic attraction by which those friends can establish harmonious relations with the sitters—in such a circle and under such conditions even a weak degree of mediumistic responsiveness to the outpouring from the spirit side will become intensified and exalted, until rhythmic vibrations are established and

thought and emotion will readily pass from one to the other, and all will be attuned. The best method of cultivation is to regard the mediumistic sensitiveness as a natural and desirable quality, to be evolved by training and experiment, under the direction of the reason and the conscience. In this manner the tribunal which decides the conduct of life is ever present, and no matter what influences are brought to bear upon the sensitive he remains steadfast, realizing that the responsibility for use or abuse rests with himself.

CHAPTER IV.

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO SENSITIVES.

No spirit can control a medium against his will and in-
20

clination, if he understands the supreme power of his own
(continued page 28)

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

continued from page 19

saluted the orb of day, true symbol of Purity and Life, I did not waver in my determination to accept the offer which the Sorcerer had made me. I had opened the Book of Forbidden Mysteries and looked within, and it was impossible for me to close it again till I had learned the knowledge contained within its pages. The very dangers involved in its pursuit gave to it only an added zest to my adventurous spirit. For what bold explorer of unknown paths was ever yet deterred from following them out by a knowledge of the treacherous nature of the ground he sought to traverse? Everyone believes that in some fashion Luck will especially befriend him, and that where others have met destruction he will yet be safe.

It is of the very nature of such studies as Jelal-ud-din

was engaged upon that their fascinations once felt cannot again be shaken off. I accepted the Sorcerer's proposals the more readily because he, reading aright my haughty, impetuous temper ever impatient of control, sought to impose no open restrictions upon my perfect freedom of life. He invited me to join him as an equal, a friend and a pupil, and allowed me to cheat myself with the belief that therefore neither my mind nor my body would be subject to him in any way. And yet, had I not been already blinded by the strong magnetic attraction exercised by this man, and dominated by his masterful intelligence, I should have realized how powerful was the spell he had cast over me, and how completely his will had subordinated mine, so that, to all appearance free, I was in truth his slave already.

(continued next issue)

* * * * *

TODAY'S VIEW OF PAST FRONTIERS

continued from page 24

known, especially at Lily Dale Camp. It was for one of the first Indian Shows staged at Lily Dale, New York, in 1919, that I became an Indian under the direction of Dr. C. A. Burgess. While there I worked

in the Auditorium with Jack Lillie and Mrs. Gillespie. Oh—there were so many that I cannot write of them all, but my experiences, working with these pioneers, are precious memory gems I treasure today.

Spirit communication is a natural result of immutable law.

iscourses

from

The Spirit World

Dictated by Stephen Olin through Rev. R. P. Wilson, 1853

Continued from last issue—

Some will say that spirits cannot, and do not, commune with their brothers in the rudimentary sphere. Such an assumption arises from ignorance of the past, and also of the present. The laws of Nature, or the laws of God, operate first upon the lowest plane of existence in the embryo state of formation; and as the thing formed assumes a more elevated plane of development, another law, of a more refining nature, assumes the control of the forming elements, continuing the process until life is visible; and still the process continues, ever elevating and expanding the being—the world—the system—and thus progression is seen to be a law of eternal activity. Ever since death removed the first human beings from visible connection with the earth, have spirits returned to reunite themselves with the loved whom they left behind. As in infancy and

early childhood it is difficult for impressions to be made, so of the earth-children in the first stages of their development; for earth is yet in its childhood state. Nevertheless, in different ages there have been some impressible persons through whom the Spirit-world could convey messages of love and wisdom, while all could receive some impressions, although unknown to them. It is the case at present; many, it is true—more than at any previous age of the world—are mediums through whom spirits can communicate by various means; yet the great mass of mankind are so taken up with necessary and selfish pursuits, that it will require much time to bring all men into immediate spirit-intercourse before they leave the earth.

Again, secondly: This means of communication is necessary to promote the progression of mankind. It is a principle of universal

DISCOURSES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

application, and hence is a general law, that the more enlightened and highly advanced aid those who are in circles below them. This law is seen on earth. To whom do the needy extend their hands for aid? To whom do the ignorant look for intelligence and counsel? These questions need no answer from us. The Spirit-world is constructed on the principle of progressive development. There are in the second sphere, circles adapted to all conditions of advancement for the children of earth. From the more elevated circles of this sphere, wisdom and love descend to the earth to attract its inhabitants to elevated pursuits and permanent enjoyments.

Happiness is the result of well-directed activity and harmonious development. The law obedience to which produces happiness, is the law of use. *To do good, is the golden rule of the universe.* It is the means by which enjoyment is obtained. On this principle the Universal Realm of Existence is founded. Hence, as there will be Eternal Progression, the advanced will ever experience the truth that "it is better to give than to receive." An intuitive evidence that

spirits can recede from and return to the earth, is manifest from the fact that every spirit possesses the power of locomotion. This principle is inherent in the immortal soul.

Again, it may be added that disembodied spirits are conscious that they *do* hold intercourse with their earth-friends, and many on earth are equally confident that they receive communications, by their hand being controlled in writing, and their minds impressed in speaking.

Having thus dwelt at length on the subject involved in the words of Christ commencing this discourse, it will not be necessary to further elucidate the present theme at this time. The latter part of this passage may, however, receive a passing notice. It is asserted that angels will "ascend and descend, *upon the Son of man.*" From the latter expression, some may infer that the distinguished privilege of receiving communications from celestial messengers was to be confined to the person of Jesus. This conclusion can not be inferred from the text, nor from any authentic record in existence. It is contradicted by facts from that time to the present.

(continued next issue)

TODAY'S VIEW OF PAST FRONTIERS

continued from page 11

ing his address given in Winfield, Kansas, under the auspices of the late William Sailing, that I had my second adventure in giving messages to a public audience.

While working in Missouri I came in contact with the late Zaida Brown Kates. She gave a lecture in the Joplin, Missouri, Opera House, for ladies only. I slipped in, finding my way to the balcony and feeling very sure I would not be seen, but you can imagine my embarrassment when about the first thing she said was, "there is a young boy in the balcony listening to this lecture that is for ladies only."

While in Kansas it was my extreme pleasure to be associated with 'Daddy' and 'Ma' Sprague, and it was while he was lecturing in Hutchinson, Kansas, that he said to me: "Because of your trance work you will some time take my place in the Cause of Spiritualism."

It was not so long after this that I had what then seemed to me my crowning experience. I met that great classic medium, Cora L. V. Richmond, and followed her wonderful lecture with messages, in the hall where the National Spiritualist Association was organized. How puff-

ed up I was when this gracious, talented lady invited me to follow her lecture with messages! I felt I did an extremely good job, but after I finished and sat down, she rose majestically and said that some day the young man might make a good medium.

Well do I remember some of the early days of Camp Wonewoe, Wisconsin. There I met that veteran worker and medium, Charles Barnes, and also Frank Ripley, who was never seen without his palm leaf fan. It was at this Camp I met and worked with Mrs. Ellen Whitwell, wife of our President Emeritus, Rev. Joseph P. Whitwell, of the National Spiritualist Association.

At Wonewoe Camp I also met Daddy Henderson, working with him later at Ottawa, Kansas, billed on the program there as "The Boy Wonder." I met Bessie Bellman, Will J. Erwood, Fred Dunnegan and his brother Oren, and, upon request, gave a demonstration of my physical mediumship. One of the first to greet me there was Max Hoffman with the words: "Here comes the Kid."

Among my pleasant memories of pioneer workers was my association with the late Maggie Waite, so well

(continued page 21)



DIVINE HEALING PRAYER

I accept that the Divine Healing Power
Is removing all obstructions
From my mind and body
And is restoring me to perfect
Health, wealth and happiness.
My heart is filled with gratitude
For the Divine Law of Acceptance
That is healing both present and absent ones
Who are in need of help.
Peace, the power that healeth,
Is guiding my thoughts, acts and deeds,
As God and I go hand in hand
Living a life of joyful abundance.



VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME

continued from page 8

we learn that the measureless sweep of the more distant universes through space is regulated upon a principle of double motion, which is perfectly illustrated by the circulations of globules and fluids in the human body.

Principles of progressive and (apparently) retrograde or backward movements—which principles are both positive and negative—apply to and fully explain all solar and planetary motion. The first is an expansive and forward (or centrifugal) impulse and movement; the second is a contractive and inward (or a curvilinear) and centripetal movement; then there is a general forward oceanic flow of the whole circle of suns, as one solid, massive universe. The whole movement is like an endless or almost perfectly circular ocean. Thus in man's body we behold, first, the outward, rotary and vibratory motion of the fluids and globules of the blood from the heart; second, the return motion of the same minute atoms and fluids to the heart; and, third, then all the movements in man's body, together with his body itself moves

(unconsciously to the man) upon and with the earth through space, at the appalling rate of more than a million and a half of miles every twenty-four hours.

Now take the earth, for example, which originally, or at first, moved like an immense spheroidal mass of fire, heat, light, and electricity. This great mass moved at first centrifugally around the parental sun-centre. In appearance, excepting the electrical, trailing streamers, it was a vast cometary accumulation (as it *really* was) of all the essential elements and qualities which were destined to ultimate into what it now is and will become. Then as soon as it had sufficiently developed into the globular form, it forthwith made a "declaration of independence" of the maternal bosom, and immediately turned inwardly, or upon its own axis centripetally; and thus was established, and thus are invariably established, the two eternal motions of all planetary and solar bodies. First, outward, in a rectilinear direction, terminating centrifugally; second, inward, in a curvilinear direction, terminating centripetally.

(continued next issue)

Spiritual Healing

by Sandy Haeberle*

Man's true wealth is his health which is his divine birthright. May we ever remember that all of the material goods of the world cannot bring us happiness nor peace if we are suffering from physical or mental ailments. What is the secret to perfect health and how can we maintain it?

The only secret to perfect health and harmony in our life is what our minds refuse to accept, that illness is a state of consciousness which in any

moment we have the divine right of choice to change. The more time we spend in levels of discord which brings disease, the more energy is directed to cause illness and the more energy it will take to restore harmony. Therefore, we see the value in the teaching to nip it in the bud: To pray to God, affirming an acceptance of a power greater than the mind, to remember peace is the power that heals, harmony is the way.



*Editor's Note— The SENTINEL extends its appreciation to the many students of the Serenity concept of Spiritualism who contribute their articles to this magazine, sharing their understanding with our readers. Student articles are recognized by an asterisk.**

A GUIDE TO MEDIUMSHIP

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selfhood.—Hudson Tuttle.

We consider the highest degree of physical health perfectly compatible with the very best manifestation of mediumship.—J. J. Morse.

The law of sympathy governs all spiritual relationships, and, as we are all spirits here and now, although encased in earthly habiliments, we may come into sympathetic rapport with others and be affected by, or influence them, for good or ill.—B.G.E.

When an inquirer says, 'I have been frequently assured by mediums that I am mediumistic and should become a successful medium, but I am at a loss to know how to proceed; will you advise me what to do to become developed?' we feel inclined to reply: If you are animated by a sincere desire to be of service to others, and not by personal ambition or mercenary motives, you are in the right mood to enter upon the work. If you are endowed with the requisite temperamental and organic conditions, the discipline of experience will teach you many things, and the spirits will help you if you are aspiring. Do not, however, expect immediate results. Mediumship, unlike mushrooms, cannot be *forced*, and any

attempt in that direction is likely to be followed by injurious results.

No 'Secret' for Sale.—

There is no great 'occult secret' that we can impart to you. No one can sell you the knowledge of how to become a medium within a specified and limited time, or develop you by a set of 'lessons.' It is, in all cases, a matter of time, and frequently of painstaking and long-continued investigation, of experimental research, of steady training; and therefore time and patience are absolutely necessary. You will require to be observant, cool, rational, persistent, and affirmative, remembering that 'it is dogged perservance that does it.'

The Responsibility of Mediumship.—Before you undertake to sit for development we should advise you to read the best books you can procure, so that you may have a good general knowledge of, and profit by, the experience and advice of others, and be prepared for the trials and disappointments that you will in all probability have to meet. Further, we would remind you that while mediumship has its privileges and delights, it also has its duties and responsibilities; its 'cross' as well as its 'crown.'

(continued next issue)

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A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

(continued from page 4)

To my mental query as to whether this man was ever released, an answer was given to me by that majestic spirit whose voice I had heard at rare times speaking to me, from the time when I heard it first at my own grave. On various occasions when I had asked for help or knowledge, this spirit had spoken to me, as now, from a distance, his voice sounding to me as the voice spoken of by the prophets of old when they thought the Lord spoke to them in the thunder. This voice rang in my ears with its full deep tones, yet neither the imprisoned spirit nor those haunting him heard it; their ears were deaf so that they could not hear, and their eyes blind so that they could not see.

And to me the voice said: "Son, behold the thoughts of his man for one brief moment—see how he would use liberty were it his."

And I saw, as one sees images reflected in a mirror, the mind of this man. First the thought that he could get free, and when once free he could force himself back to earth and the earth plane, and once there he could find some still in the flesh whose aspirations and ambitions were like his

own, and through their help he would forge a still stronger yoke as of iron to rivet upon men's necks, and found a still crueller tyranny—a still more pitiless Inquisition, if that were possible, which should crush out the last remnant of liberty left to its oppressed victims. He knew he would sway a power far greater than his earthly power, since he would work with hands and brain freed from all earthly fetters, and would be able to call up around him kindred spirits, fellow workers with souls as cruel and cold as his own. He seemed to revel in the thought of the fresh oppressions he could plan, and took pride to himself in the recollection that he had ever listened unmoved to the shrieks and groans and prayers of the victims he had tortured to death. From the love of oppression and for his own relentless ambition had he worked, making the aggrandizement of his order but the pretext for his actions, and in no single atom of his hard soul was there awakened one spark of pity or remorse. Such a man set free to return to earth would be a source of danger far more deadly than the most fierce wild beast, since his powers would be far less limited. He did not

(continued page 32)

Serenity Students

*By Britt Toquinto**

Time pressure is something we can all relate to as we all fall into it at times. We all have gone through times (and some of us still do) when we feel, well, I'll do it later. I don't have time now, but tomorrow I will get to it. However, rest assured that if it was something that we *really* wanted to do, we would always find time to do it.

It has been demonstrated to me many times that if we

really organize our days and keep our eyes focused on what we are to accomplish, we will even have extra time on our hands that we did not think we had. If we would be at peace inside and not feel torn in all directions, we could accomplish so much with our time and also feel good about having so much time to do it. "Time-pressure is a hailstorm of petty desires demanding their own gratification."

* * * * *

*by Robert Toquinto**

Just before the victory it seems that the struggle is the greatest, not to the soul, but to the mind with its limited experiences of yesterday. Everything we ask for we do get, no matter what, be it positive or a negative effect.

If we do ask for something, let us use the faculty of reason and the willingness to accept the responsibility of

any change that may come about by our asking. The most difficult thing for man is the acceptance of change. For if the mind has no reference in its memory for this acceptance, then it goes into trauma and it calls forth all the experiences necessary for the soul to evolve.

Let us pray for peace and the great truth of "I accept."

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 30

know that his vaunted Inquisition, which he still sought to strengthen in all its deadly powers, had become a thing of the past, swept away from the face of God's earth by a power far mightier than any he could wield; and that, like the dark and terrible age in which it had sprung up like a noisome growth, it had gone nevermore to return—thank God!—never again to disgrace humanity by the crimes committed in the name of him who came only to preach peace and love on earth—gone, with its traces and its scars left yet upon the human mind in its shaken and broken trust in a God and an immortality. The recoil of that movement which at last swept away the Inquisition is yet felt on earth, and long years must pass before all which was good and pure and true and had survived throughout even those dark ages shall reassert its power and lead men back to their faith in a God of Love, not a God of Horrors, as those oppressors painted him.

From this Frozen Land I turned away chilled and saddened. I did not care to linger there or explore its secrets, though it may be that again at some future time I may visit it. I felt that there was nothing

I could do in that land, none I could understand, and they but froze and revolted me without my doing them any good.

* * * * *

On my way back from the Frozen Land to the Land of Twilight, I passed a number of vast caverns called the "Caverns of Slumber," wherein lay a great multitude of spirits in a state of complete stupor, unconscious of all around them. These, I learned, were the spirits of mortals who had killed themselves with opium eating and smoking, and whose spirits had thus been deprived of all chance of development, and so had retrograded instead of advancing and growing—just as a limb tied up and deprived of motion withers away—and now they were feebler than an unborn infant, and as little able to possess conscious life.

In many cases their sleep would last for centuries; in others, where the indulgence in the drug had been less, it might only last for twenty, fifty, or a hundred years. These spirits lived, and that was all, their senses being little more developed than those of some fungus growth which exists without one spark of

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In Our Thoughts

Brother
Eddie Carrillo
Peter Cervik
Orville Cavender
Gene Fardin
Peter E. Fink
Fuddler
Francis M. Gelardi, Jr.
Isa Goodwin
Jonquil

Kathleen Graves
Michael Graves
Scott Graves
Jack Haeberle
Erik Othberg
Henry Rodgers
Snowflake
Sunshine
Britta Uppstrom

To send a helpful thought of joy and light to those you love who have passed to the higher life, list their names in this column. Donation of one dollar per name is requested.

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 32

intelligence; yet in them the soul germ still lingered, imprisoned like a tiny seed in the wrapping of some Egyptian mummy, which, long as it may lie thus, is yet alive, and will in a kindly soil sprout forth at last. These caverns, in which kind spirit hands had laid them, were full of life-giving magnetism, and a number of attendant spirits who had themselves passed through a similar state from opium poisoning in their own earth lives, were engaged in giving what life they could pour into these comatose spirit bodies which lay like rows of dead people all over the floor.

By slow degrees, according as the spirit had been more or less injured by the drug taken in the earthly life, these wretched beings would awake to consciousness and all the sufferings experienced by the opium eater when deprived of his deadly drug. By long and slow degrees the poor spirits would awaken, sense by sense, till at last like feeble suffering children they would become fit for instruction, when they would be sent to institutions like your idiot asylums, where the dawning intellect would be trained and helped to develop, and those faculties recovered which had been all but destroy-

ed in the earth life.

These poor souls would only learn very slowly, because they had to try to learn now, without the aids of the earthly life, those lessons which it had been designed to teach. Like drunkards (only more completely) they had paralyzed brain and senses and had avoided, not learned, the lessons of the earthly life and its development of the spirit.

To me these Caves of Slumber were inexpressibly sad to behold—not less so that those wretched slumberers were unconscious for so long of the valuable time they lost in their dreamless, hopeless sleep of stagnation.

Like the hare in the fable, while they slept others less swift won the race, and these poor souls might try in vain through countless ages to recover the time which they had lost.

When these slumberers shall at last awake, to what a fate do they not waken, through what an awful path must they not climb to reach again that point in the earth life from which they have fallen! Does it not fill our souls with horror to think that there are those on earth who live, and pile up wealth through the profits made from that dreadful trade in opium,

(continued page 36)



Children's Corner



Self is not good to be in because then your soul can't rise and be in peace and harmony. It is good to be in peace and harmony because then you can be happy.

Jaye Chillas, Age 13

The Goodness of life is being in the Bigme, not in the Little me. The Goodness of life is being joyful and partisparting in Spearitle laws.

Jon Chillas, Age 12

Feelings are many things. Some kinds of feelings can be rejection or can be happy feelings or sad feelings or maby can be kinds of feelings that you feel sorry for someone.

Lisa Toquinto, Age 9

When I go to school here I learn to be peaceful by learning about myself.

Kirsten Johnson, Age 5

The goodness of life is special it is the difference of unhappiness it is not when your at a party or something it is when your in peace and harmony with God.

Lori Swimmer, Age 11½

Rain is good because then the roses grow and I can pick them for my Mom.

Jessica LaRue, Age 4

When I am in the little me I say my prayers. It helps me to be glad for God.

Michael Field, Age 7

In keeping with Serenity's policy to encourage expression by all its students, this column contains the unedited articles submitted by the children attending our children's philosophy classes.—Editor

THE WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 34

which not alone destroys the body, but would seem to destroy even more fatally the soul, till one would despondently ask if there be indeed hope for these its victims?

These awful caves—these terrible stupefied spirits—can any words point a fate more fearful than theirs? To awaken at last with the intellects of idiots, to grow, through hundreds of years, back at last to the possession of the mental powers of children—not of grown men and women. Slow, slow, must be their development even then, for unlike ordinary children they have almost lost the power to grow,

and take many generations of time to learn what one generation on earth could have taught them. I have heard it said that many of the unhappy beings when they have attained at last to the development of infants, are sent back to earth to be reincarnated in an earthly body, that they may enjoy again the advantages they have misused before. But of this I only know by hearsay, and cannot give any opinion of my own upon its truth. I only know that I should be glad to think of any such possibility for them which could shorten the process of development or help them to regain all that they had lost.

(continued next issue)



THE BLUE ISLAND

continued from page 9

writes with his eyes closed, and often holds a handkerchief over them. Some of the best messages were given in the twilight when it was impossible for me to follow what was being written, and yet the words are never overwritten. The writing will stop sometimes whilst father evidently reads over what has been written, and alterations will be

made, "i's" dotted and "t's" crossed correctly. It was a habit of my father's, whilst here, to go back over his copy and cross his "t's" and dot his "i's"; this habit was only known to a few, and was certainly absolutely unknown to Mr. Woodman.

Two of the messages obtained in this way have already been published. They were
(continued page 38)

Beginning with this issue, we bring you the serialization of —

The Blue Island

EXPERIENCES OF A NEW ARRIVAL BEYOND THE VEIL

Communicated by W. T. Stead

Recorded by Pardoe Woodman & Estelle Stead

LETTER FROM SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Dear Miss Stead,

I found the narrative most interesting and helpful. I have no means of judging the exact conditions under which it was produced, or how far subconscious influences may have been at work, but on the face of it, speaking as a literary critic, I should say that the clear expression and the happy knack of similes were very characteristic of your father. We have to face the difficulty that the details of these numerous descriptions of the next spheres differ in various MSS., but on the other hand, no one can deny that the resemblances far exceed the differences. We have to remember that the next world is infinitely complex and subdivided—"My Father's house has many mansions"—and that, even in this small world, the accounts of two witnesses would never be the same. If

a description were given by an Oxford don, and also by an Indian peasant, their respective stories of life in this world would vary much more than any two accounts that I have ever read of the world to come. I have specialised in that direction—the physical phenomena never interested me much—and I can hardly think that anyone has read more accounts, printed, typed and written, than I have done, many of them from people who had no idea what the ordinary Spiritualist scheme of things might be. In some cases the mediums were children. Always there emerges the same idea of a world like ours, a world where all our latent capabilities and all our hidden ambitions have free and untrammelled opportunities. In all there is the same talk of solid ground, of familiar flowers and animals, of

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FABLES for young and old

THE FOX & THE BRAMBLE

A Fox was in a hurry to get to safety, because the hounds were chasing him. He went through a hedge that was full of very sharp Brambles, because he knew that the hounds wouldn't follow him there. He was a little careless, however, and stepped on one of the Brambles himself.

"Ouch," shouted the Fox to the Bramble, "that was a very mean trick for you to play on me, sticking me when I came to you for help," and he licked his sore paw.

The Bramble had not asked the Fox to run to that very spot for help, and he

thought very rightly that the Fox had no right whatever to be angry with *him*.

"Listen, Fox," said the Bramble, "you came running in here for help because you knew we were so sharp that those dogs wouldn't follow you. Then you step on one of us and get mad because we are sharp. But that is the way we Brambles are and that is the way we are going to stay, whether you like it or not."

The Point: Some selfish people think everything in the world should be useful just for them.

* * * * *

THE BLUE ISLAND

continued from page 36

given by my father for Armistice Day, 1920, and Armistice Day, 1921. For the first, we had no idea he contemplated giving a message. A few friends, including Mr. Woodman, were taking tea with my mother and myself on the Sunday before the 11th of November. We had been

chatting on various subjects when I suddenly felt my father come into the room and could tell by the feeling he gave me that he wished us to give him an opportunity to write, and that it was urgent. It was impossible to arrange for that evening, so we made an appointment for the evening following.

(continued next issue)

The Living Light



This book contains the fundamentals of THE LIVING LIGHT philosophy, a demonstrable spiritual psychology based on the wisdom gleaned through centuries of experiences by the spirit teacher who is known simply as The Old Man. This highly illumined soul shares with us his understanding of the universal laws of life, which applied, enable us to consciously control our everyday living experiences.

THE LIVING LIGHT book is a compilation of discourses originally given to a small spiritual unfoldment class conducted by Richard P. Goodwin.

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THE PENETRALIA

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the history of science, and a chapter descriptive of theological opposition to independent investigation. As this is a "delicate question," the reader will allow me to be silent for the next twenty minutes, giving time for the Weekly Pennsylvanian to answer: "We believe firmly, not only that the world is growing wiser, but better also—and nothing has conduced to this desirable state of facts more than the accuracy and solidity of modern learning. The vague mists and superstitions which clouded the intellect of past ages, have, in a great degree, been dissipated, and men begin to reason for themselves, and the people are willing to be guided by what appears in accordance with the dictates of common sense. The instructors of youth, and the promulgators of the truths of science, are no longer afraid to follow the promptings of genius, by the terrors of a brutish public opinion, which once made whole nations fools or madmen.

"When the belief was universal of the immobility of the earth, Copernicus conceived the idea that the sun was the centre of the system, and that the earth was a planet, like Mars and Venus, and revolved

round the sun. And yet this founder of a new system of astronomy was excommunicated from the Vatican, in 1543, for maintaining heretical doctrines, and the papal court never annulled the sentence till 1821.

"When Galileo, his great follower in the cause of scientific truth, was thrown in the prison of the inquisition, in 1633, and was compelled to solemnly renounce on his knees, in the presence of an assembly of ignorant monks, with his hand upon the Gospel, the glorious truths he had taught, and to declare that the earth stood still, as he arose from his humiliating position, he indignantly exclaimed, stamping his foot, 'And yet it moves.' For this he was again assigned to the dungeons for an indefinite period of time, and required to repeat every week, for three years, the seven penitential psalms of David.

"But the Copernican system is now established, and has thus recommended itself to the scientific world through tribulation. That Tycho, Kepler, the Herschels, and Newton, were permitted to enunciate the result of their labors in peace, may be attributed to other causes, and in spite of the natural and universal perversity to sustain error.

(continued next issue)

gourmet's delight

A recipe from Serenity's

Birthday Dinner

PORK ROAST

Rub center cut, boneless, pork loin roast with sage and Lawry's seasoned salt. Roast fat side up in 325 degree oven for 35 minutes per pound. Baste occasionally, adding water when needed. Reserve juice for sage sauce.

SAGE SAUCE

To 2 cups roast drippings (add water if necessary)
Add 2 teaspoons ground sage and
Lawry's seasoned salt to taste



THE BLUE ISLAND

continued from page 37

comfortable homes, of human pleasures, of congenial occupations—all very different to the vague and uncomfortable heaven of the Churches. I confess that I cannot trace in any of these any allusion to a place exactly corresponding to this Blue Island, though the colour blue is, of course, that of healing, and an island may be only an isolated sphere—the antechamber to others. I believe that such material details as sleep, nourishment, etc., depend upon the exact position of the soul in its evolution, the lower the soul the more material the conditions. It is of enormous importance that the

human race should know these things, for it not only takes away all fears of death, but it must, as in the case of your father, be of the very greatest help when one is suddenly called to the other side, and finds oneself at once in known surroundings, sure of one's future, instead of that most unpleasant period of readjustment, during which souls have to unlearn what their teachers here have taught and adapt themselves to unfamiliar facts.

Good luck to your little book.

Arthur Conan Doyle

Crowboro',
September, 1922.

PREFACE

When in April, 1912, the Titanic sank in mid-ocean and my father passed on to the next world, I was on tour with my own Shakespearean Company. Amongst the members of that Company was a young man named Mr. Pardoe Woodman, who on the very Sunday of the disaster foretold it as we sat talking after tea. He did not name the boat or my father, but he got so much that pointed to disaster at sea and the passing on of an elderly man intimately connected

with me, that when the sad news came through we realised he must have been closely in touch with what was about to happen. I mention this incident because it formed the first link between my father and Mr. Woodman, and as it is largely due to Mr. Woodman's psychic powers that my father has been able to get through the messages which are contained in this book, I think, therefore, it will be of interest to readers and should be put on record.

A fortnight after the disaster
(continued page 7)

✦ **humor is the salvation of the soul** ✦

Standing in line at the teller's window was an elderly man. He handed the cashier a computer-perforated check which was neatly and heavily creased down the middle.

The teller gently unfolded the check and began counting out currency. "You know," she said to the old gentleman, "the government doesn't like for you to fold these checks."

Without hesitation the man pocketed his money and snapped: "The government does a lot of things I don't like."

—Gulf Coast Cattleman

Living Light Philosophy: The degree of retaliation is equal to the degree of rejection.



SERENITY EVENTS

DINNER PARTY: February 18, 1978 at 6:30 p.m.

All members and friends of Serenity are especially invited to attend A BIRTHDAY PARTY on February 18. The social hour begins at 6:30 p.m. A wonderful menu of old favorites has been planned.

BAKE SALE: February 25, 1978 — all day

The next monthly bake sale will be held on Saturday, February 25 at the Montecito Shopping Center in San Rafael. Your donations of baked goods and your patronage will be most appreciated.

The Serenity Game

The wonder of inner-space
is revealed in playing
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Learn the philosophical
truths of the ages
by playing the most
unique, exciting
entertaining and
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designed! Eleven years
in the making!

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has the very best of bridge,
poker, canasta
pinochle and gin rummy.
The game, which is a way of
exploring your inner being,
contains a super deck
of 500 cards, each printed
with a different and
original philosophical saying
designed to teach, in
a fun way, the natural
laws of the universe.

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is in itself a philosophy for
everyday living! This
wisdom forms the basis for a
challenging game which
may be played as solitaire, in
partnership or
competitively in a group. The
object is to meld or match
themes by choosing from
the wide variety of sayings,
many of which are
witty. All are profound.
For example:

**Love is the reflection in
another of the goodness in
oneself.**

No gift is as meaningful or
appreciated as

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It is ideal for parties, clubs —
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